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RESURGAM:

THE

NAZARENE'S APPEAL

TO THE

MEN AND WOMEN

OF

WEALTH AND POWER.

*By James  
Day  
Boston*

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"He shall be called a Nazarene."—Matt. 2: 23.

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1887.

*Woman's Day*

## PREFACE.

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Whence came the manuscript of this poem? No matter. Suffice it to say, it came into the possession of its present proprietor in a way that attracted his attention. A perusal fixed his interest. He believed it worthy of publication, and destined to more than an ephemeral existence. It considers subjects of momentous importance to progressive humanity—pointing out, as it does, the changes necessary for the inauguration of the millennium—and certainly ought to be read by the class to whom it is addressed.

THE PROPRIETOR.



# RESURGAM:

THE NAZARENE'S APPEAL TO THE MEN AND  
WOMEN OF WEALTH AND POWER.

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## I.

Behold! the day will come when I shall rise  
Again, and walk abroad among the sons  
Of men on earth, in spirit and in deed;  
And then my labors shall not be in vain.

The harvest I have sown in spirit realms,  
Then cropping forth, it will be mine to reap;  
And from the tares the wheat I shall divide,  
Rejecting that which cumbereth the earth,  
Preserving what will feed my hungry flocks,  
And equitably portioning the land  
Among the Brotherhood, as was designed  
By our wise Father who in Heaven dwells,  
And sanctions neither class of rich or poor.

The hour is drawing nigh, the world is big  
With travail and with tribulation sore,  
Because of things soon coming on the earth  
To make the mighty tremble and o'erthrow  
The Powers of Darkness that now dominate  
The world and fill it full of want and wo,  
Amid abundance of material wealth  
To satisfy and bless the human race.

Lo! I shall rise again in the affairs  
Of men and make the crooked straight and true;  
The earth is full of signs for those who have  
The eyes to see; and on the open ear  
Fall the foreboding sounds that presage change  
In all the broad relations here of men;  
The long-benighted millions are astir  
With new light breaking on their restless minds,  
And revolution rumbles through their ranks  
And shakes them like a coming earthquake dire;  
They feel my presence, and they hear my voice;  
New life and hope are thrilling thro' their veins,  
And hummings of uprisings, as when bees  
I see prone to swarm, are heard on every hand;—  
All these bespeak the nearness of the hour  
When I shall come, the second time, in power  
To scourge the wicked and to bless the just;  
Behold the signs! Lo! I shall rise again!



## II.

Ye men and women who have wealth and power,  
And influence to mould the movements of  
The governments that rule the world, and who  
Can make or change the statutes at your will;  
Who constitute "Society," and form  
The fashions for the aping multitude;  
Who give the church its potency and means  
To awe and lead the ignorant and poor;  
Who make and unmake legislators—who  
Are quick your wishes to obey, and strive  
To do you servile service, lest they lose  
Position and the world's applause; ye who  
Have sway o'er judges and the trusted few  
Whose duty is to execute the laws;  
Ye men and women who are at the helm,  
No matter who commands, and constitute  
"The power behind the throne," in monarchies,  
And, in republics, "pull the wires" that make  
The puppets called "the people's servants" dance;  
To you, the "ruling class," appeal is made.

Not for a class is this appeal to you,  
But for yourselves and all humanity;  
There is no contradiction in the laws  
That govern all God's children here on earth;  
That which is best for one is best for all,  
And what is good for all is good for each;

Right wrongeth no one ; justice blesses each  
And all alike, and brings the reign below  
Of equity divine that rules the spheres.

Ye see yourselves that danger lurketh nigh,  
And ye have fears to poverty unknown ;  
While want and hunger scourge the needy poor,  
Disease assails their weakened bodies, and  
Envy and hate perchance may prompt to crime,  
You live in constant apprehension of  
Assaults upon your persons and your self ;  
There's no security for you or yours,  
And danger stares you in the face and sets  
The heart to palpitating with the dread  
Of what may come ; you dissipate to pass  
Away the weary hours that move so slow  
And hang so heavily upon your lives ;  
You turn to vain display and empty show  
For joy and pleasure, but they disappoint  
And bring a hollow mockery, a vain  
Delight, that leaves you all-unsatisfied ;  
Disease creeps in through violated laws  
Of Nature and the fretting of the soul  
With vanities of dissipated life ;  
Excesses curse you even more than lacks  
Prey on the famished poor ; but haughty pride  
Inspires your sinking hearts and makes you scorn  
Your fellows more unfortunate than you

In massing or inheriting the wealth  
That cometh honestly by toil alone;  
You measure all things by the gauge of gold,  
And count the intellects and souls of men  
As nought, if Mammon does not on them smile;  
You do not sow, and yet you reap the fruits  
Of toil, and let the toiler go unblest;  
Unto the world you give no service fit  
For recompense for what you thoughtless take,  
But do not need, nor even turn to use;  
You build you stately mansions, and you strive  
To beautify your homes with works of art,  
And to adorn your grounds with flow'rs and shrubs,  
And fountains cool, with all things fresh and fair;  
You dress in rich apparel, and you ride  
On flashing wheels drawn by high-stepping steeds  
In shining harness, and superbly groomed;  
You find your chief excitement in the wish  
To rival and outshine your neighbors, who  
In turn would fain eclipse you all, in show;  
And so the tide of vanity and pride  
Rolls on in bare display and rivalry,  
The while you cultivate a selfishness  
And coldness of the heart, a thoughtless pride,  
A cruel and a vile indifference,  
Toward your humbler fellow-beings, which  
Condemns your souls to dwell within the bounds  
Of narrow self, and cuts you off from all

The sweeter joys and sympathies that come  
From loving others as you love yourselves,  
And doing good that all mankind be blest :  
Your nobler attributes are buried deep  
Beneath the debris of your misspent lives,  
And o'er them all spring rankest weeds of pride,  
Ambition, rivalry, and lust of pomp.

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## III.

But what availeth all, when all is done ?  
You fret your lives away in empty show,  
And leave your needy spirits starved and dwarfed ;  
And when the end is come, as come it will,  
Your bodies drop into their graves, and rot—  
The bodies which so vainly you adorned—  
The while your souls so feeble are and weak  
They scarce can grasp the rudimental work  
Upon the spirit side, to which henceforth  
They must devoted be ; still infantile,  
Their work they must begin in primal stage,  
And slowly, tediously build up to where  
They might have been when kindly death dissolved  
The union with the body, had they been  
Engaged in doing good and useful work  
On earth ; in striving but to gain the world,  
The soul is sacrificed and nearly lost ;

Think you the few and fleeting pleasures won  
Are recompense for sacrifice so great?

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## IV.

Wealth of itself is good when it is used  
For the promotion of the public weal;  
And its production is a laudable  
And a beneficent and worthy end;  
But when it hoarded is for selfish aims,  
Without equivalent reward for what  
Is drawn from stores that should the toiler bless,  
Wealth is a curse to him who hoards and hugs  
It to his bosom as the darling thing  
On which his earthly life should solely rest;  
Nor can his ostentatious gifts of alms,  
Or contributions to the formal church,  
Or hollow worshiping at senseless shrines,  
Lift this dark curse from off his feeble soul.

So cultivation of the beautiful  
Has tendency to elevate the soul  
And strengthen, and its elements refine;  
But patronizing art through vanity  
And an unholy wish to selfishly  
Surround yourselves with objects foreign to  
The inner life, and nought appreciate,  
But further cumpers the poor weakling soul

And makes it more ridiculous and vain ;  
And when at cost of others' toil you strut  
And swell in borrowed plumage, you commit  
A positive offense against the laws  
Of morals, and of all that is divine.

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## V.

I bade you one another love and serve,  
The needy poor as well as pampered rich,  
And not to hoard the things of earth and dust,  
Which perish by the moth, and rust, and fire,  
But lay up treasures of the soul within,  
Which perish not, but endlessly endure.

Then why have ye my precepts spurned and  
To earthly idols, howe'er beautiful? [turned  
Ye see they pass away as morning dews,  
With all their sparkling splendors, rise in air—  
And, like the air, become invisible.

Raise ye the poor excuse ye know not how  
Ye can obey my precepts, and can gain  
The blessings of eternal love and light?  
Why turn ye to the superficial things  
Of earth, and overlook the greater good  
Ye might achieve by lifting up the weak  
Among your fellows, blessing their poor lives,

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And not alone their pathway cheering here,  
But beautifying, making strong, their souls,  
And fitting them for higher flights beyond?  
Meantime, your souls would gain a joy and growth  
That would endure, and be a treasure rare  
And beautiful through all the coming time.

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VI.

It is not alms the struggling masses need,  
But justice, and that animating love  
Which giveth aid and asketh no reward  
But that sweet satisfaction which is felt  
In doing good and seeing happiness  
Resulting from the kind, unselfish deed;  
And is there aught of beauty in the gross  
Material things of earth which you possess,  
And which in dull insensateness are ranged  
Around and through your narrow dwelling-place,  
That can compare at all in beauty with  
The humblest soul which you can make to bud  
And blossom at your magic touch and smile?

Make room, I say, for all your fellow souls,  
And out of your abundance freely spare,  
To lift them up and give them all the rights  
You have yourselves from the All-Father's hands;

The rights to light, and air, and soil, and ail  
The common gifts of Nature, all possess  
And must in equity enjoy alike;  
None have superior claims, and none the right,  
By force of muscle or of intellect,  
To trench upon another's heritage  
Bequeathed by God, through Nature, to the race.

Unjust accumulations are a curse  
To the possessor and unto the robbed;  
And the partaker in unholy spoils  
Shares in the spoliator's prime offense;  
There is no valid claim, nor can be, for  
Perpetuating wrong in any form—  
No condonation for offense against  
The rights of being, or of Nature's laws;  
Strict restitution is the only means  
Of making full redress for such offense;  
Nor time nor custom can invalidate  
The right and title of the injured one;  
All wrongs must certainly be set aright.

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## VII.

You say the multitude are weak, and they  
Are thoughtless and improvident; the more  
Then is the need for you to guide and ward—



The stronger is your duty to protect  
And teach them what they lack in wise  
Provision for themselves, and make them strong  
To shun the evil tempting by the way.

You say that they are ignorant and vile;  
'Tis owing to the world's neglect of them,  
Permitting them in childhood's days to grow  
In dank and darksome atmospheres, where they  
Had lack of mental food, and whence they drew  
Miasma from the moral damps and sloughs  
Which want, and ignorance, and sinful lust  
Had thrown about them to contaminate  
And blight the sinless souls of infantile  
And guileless natures. Oh! then, see to it  
That no more children, types of Heaven, are made  
To look like images of hell, and act  
The part of demons doomed to endless night:  
Lift up the fallen, give to them the means  
Of honest livelihood, and point the way  
Of light and love, wherein their wandering feet  
May tread the upward road to better realms.

As for the children, give not one of them  
A chance to go astray, but educate  
In all the ways of usefulness and good,  
In cunning handicrafts and Nature's laws,  
But keep them from the superstitious blight  
Of priestly teaching and its crafty wiles;

And when they have to manhood grown, or reached  
To womanhood's estate, provide for them  
The opportunity which all must have  
To gain an honest livelihood at will;  
The right to work forever complements  
The right to live, and carries with it all  
The rights of liberty and the pursuit  
Of happiness, which unto all belong.

The government which faileth to secure  
To each and all its citizens these rights,  
Is but a mockery and swindling cheat,  
Which every citizen should scorn, and strive  
To work its overthrow, and in its place  
To put a grander, juster government,  
That will the ends of right and freedom serve.

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### VIII.

At first, it is your duty to beat down  
All privileges and monopolies,  
And thus restore the equitable reign  
That should denote the Brotherhood of man;  
None should have privilege or power to prey  
Upon the individual or mass;  
Who serves the public should have fixed reward,  
Nor shadow of extortion should appear.

The present systems that prevail are kin  
To highway robbery on land and sea;  
For all are at the mercy of a few  
Who fight and scramble for the booty wrung  
From out the sweat and blood of millions' toil  
By means as questionable as command  
To "Stand, deliver at the peril of  
Your life!" And these devouring wolves who prey  
Upon the many turn and rend themselves,  
Devour each other, as the robber gang  
Fight o'er the spoils secured in many raids.

The world is full of wrong; society  
Is built upon monopoly, and soon  
Or late the rotting mass must crumbling fall  
And carry all that rests upon it down  
To depths of misery and darkest wo—  
For such antagonistic schemes and plots,  
And such discordant elements and powers,  
Must work destruction in the end, and fail;  
A house that wars against itself must fall.

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### IX.

The claim is oft advanced that equal chance  
Is open unto all to play their part  
For mercenary uses, and that none  
Have reasonable causes for complaint,

If they lack "enterprise" or wit to win  
In this free race for worldly pelf and power!

This is a most fallacious argument  
By which to justify a chronic wrong;  
Thieving direct might be with equal force  
Upheld as fair for all, and no complaint [worst,  
Should therefore come from those who fare the  
Because they have an equal chance to steal!  
The moral aspect of the question dropped,  
Conscience is not allowed to raise protest,  
And reason and expediency both  
Are set aside by those who chance to win;  
The right to equitably share by fair  
Division of a common gift to all  
Is quite ignored, and for partition just  
A rushing scramble is the substitute,  
Each taking all within his greedy reach,  
And leaving nought for him whom partial fate  
Hath pushed aside or at a distance left.

Our Father sets a bounteous feast for all;  
Abundance crowns the board, and all alike  
Are free by invitation to partake;  
But an unholy few, not having sense  
Of courtesy, or right, or wrong, rush in  
Seize all, and leave the rest an empty place,  
Or, jostling them aside, with jeer and jest,

•

Upbraid them for their hunger and their lack  
Of "enterprise" and strength to get their share!

Yet it is plain unto all men that some  
Must take the precedence in time and place;  
These were supposed to satisfy their needs,  
Nor carry off a useless share for self,  
Or others of their kin or house, nor to  
Take fixed possession and refuse a seat  
Or crumb to later comers to the feast.

Our Father thus hath Nature's table spread,  
Inviting each and all his children dear  
To freely help themselves, but trespassing  
Not in the least upon each other's right  
Unto the full enjoyment of the gift  
So lovingly bestowed on all alike.

Yet, through machinery of government,  
Monopolies, and selfish business schemes,  
Permitted by the ruling powers, if not  
By them abetted, legislated for  
And aided openly, the toiling mass  
Are cut off from all natural resource  
And made the slaves of the controlling few.

If you, who own the wealth and wield the power,  
Refuse to give employment, none can work;  
Support of life is at its fountain sapped,

And they must starve and suffer, or do worse;  
Hence cometh sorrow, sin, and crime, and hence  
Proceedeth violence, destruction, and  
Unhappiness, with danger unto you.

Who cannot see the wrong of such a state?  
Who does not see it cannot long endure?  
The first offender is the one who robs  
His fellow-being of his equal right  
To share in all the gifts Our Father gave;  
And this provokes reaction and revenge,  
Until the moral balance is restored.

Think you no guilty stains rest on your souls?  
Who profits by a wrong, nor seeks to right  
The evil deed, shares equally in guilt  
With him who perpetrates the wicked act;  
No matter how obscure and subtle is  
The means whereby your fellow-mortals have  
Been wrong'd and robb'd, nor how remote the deed  
Whence evil comes, the greatest and the least  
Offense must be wiped out by most complete  
And willing restitution to the wronged;  
Our Heavenly Father, through his laws, accepts  
No less atonement—no repentance that  
Is not expressed in equitable deeds,  
Meet for repentance to the utmost due.

## X.

- And do ye ask me now what ye shall do  
As one of old, who thought he would be saved?  
I answer, make ye restitution full  
• Of all thou hast to those who suffer want  
Because of wicked hoarding by the rich.

Ye are not asked to make yourselves as poor  
As they whom artful craft hath robbed of all  
The fruits of toil, and of the chance to toil;  
But all of your abundance in excess  
Of all your worldly needs, ye should employ  
To aid and elevate your fellow-man.

Ye are not asked to seek the dire extreme  
Of poverty and wrong that hath been reached  
By the down-trodden poor who have been robbed;  
This were unwise as it would be unjust;  
But all your surplus riches ye should use  
In mitigating surplus want and wo—  
In lifting up your needy fellow-men—  
To bring return to primal principles  
Which will secure to every one his own.

And this involves most radical reforms  
Of present schemes and practices in trade,  
In commerce, in administration of  
The governments of earth—in all that now

Pertains to public service, and to all  
Partition of the soil, supplies of food—  
To all the industries whereby the world  
Is filled with wealth to satisfy its needs.

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## XI.

Your system of exchanges is as bad  
As ignorance and folly could devise;  
To individu'l selfishness is left  
The making of exchanges, and the fruits  
Of honest toil become the things of trade  
And traffic; and base speculation comes  
To run the prices up and down, and rob  
Both the producer, who is forced to sell,  
And the consumer, who is forced to buy;  
Between the two the trader waxes fat,  
While all the toiling mass are growing lean.

This field of plunder, so inviting, draws  
A selfish and a thoughtless multitude,  
Who by their rival scrambling so annoy  
And crowd and jostle each the other that  
The spoils too meager are to go around,  
And vexing competition drives them all  
To sharpest practices to margins make;  
And so adulterations find their way  
Into the marts, and counterfeits appear,



Until the genuine becomes so rare  
That few its features recognize, and scarce  
Can it be found by those who earnest seek ;  
Debasing competition cheats in goods,  
While it demoralizes many souls ;  
The treacherous rule that prices must be fixed  
By the supply and the demand is wrong,  
And makes my Father's house a den of thieves.

And not content to traffic in the wares  
Which honest toil turns out to bless the world,  
Ye traffic in the muscles and the brains  
Of your own brothers and your sisters weak,  
Compelling them to sell their services  
In labor marts upon the cruel base  
Of the supply and the demand, the while  
Ye force a starving multitude to stand  
And watch for opportunities to sell  
Their services in competition with  
Their starving fellows for a pittance small,  
The gnawings of their hungry frames to quell!

Oh! this is terrible! Where is your blush  
Of honest shame that ye can so ignore  
The vital claims of all humanity?  
The chattel had the master's earnest care  
As property that could be bought or sold ;  
But ye forego the care of ownership,

And ply the cruel lash of murderous need  
To bring the trembling slave unto your terms;  
And when ye have no want of service from  
His weakened frame, ye care not though he die!  
Should he grow furious and make demand  
For work and bread, ye meet his claim by force,  
And slay him or imprison him, instead  
Of seeking to allay the cravings of  
His nature and restore to him the just  
Enjoyment of his God-imparted rights!  
This verily is worse than giving stones  
To hungry children when they ask for bread;

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## XII.

'Tis not enough that ye have built and set  
Apart your institutions for the poor;  
They have been cheated out of common rights  
And forced to serve you for a price so small  
That it but illy keeps the suffering soul  
Within the suffering body; hence, when age,  
Or sickness, or an idleness enforced,  
Brings death unto the worker's humble door,  
Your alms, though needed, are a recompense  
So small that they insult the living God,  
Who giveth all for them as well as thee.

All institutions called benevolent  
Are insults to the living and the dead  
And stand accusing monuments before  
The throne of that eternal justice which  
Will mete alike to rich and poor the doom  
They have invoked by deeds done on the earth;  
For there is no escaping the reward  
Of merit or demerit which to all  
Will soon or late unerringly be judged  
In strict accordance with divinest law.

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### XIII.

But think ye that a just and true exchange  
Of labor products and of kindly deeds  
Cannot be made-among the sons of men?  
Are ye so clouded with the mists of wrong  
Ye cannot see the open path of right?

Thro' government must be prepared the way  
That leads to equity and changeless right;  
The tangled webs of commerce and of trade  
Must all be swept away by juster modes.

If peacefully ye will not make the change,  
Then it must come by force; upheavels great  
And revolutions dire, brought on by fierce  
Uprisings of the mass, will bring the hour

When all the desolations and the woes  
Foreshadowed in the weird Apocalypse  
Will come upon the land and on the sea,  
When all the merchants, all the rich and proud,  
Who have committed fornication with  
The Babylon of Commerce and of Trade,  
Will stand afar and wring their hands in grief,  
Bewailing the calamity by which  
Such earthly riches have been brought to nought;  
But they who understand will weep for joy.

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#### XIV.

The monetary system of the world  
Is cunningly designed for robber use;  
Based on a scarce commodity which is  
Quite easily monopolized, it has  
No fixedness of value, and the few,  
By shrewd monopoly, have all control  
To make the value more or less; they can  
Curtail the value or increase the same,  
Contract it or expand the measure of  
The values of all fruits of toil—which they  
Can also vary in their price, at will;  
Thus wages of the toiler change their power  
To purchase in the markets what he needs;  
And paper money, which is based upon  
This scarce commodity, partakes of all

Its variableness of value in  
The marts of traffic and competing trade.

The measure should be one without a change,  
And that which it must measure should be fixed  
In value by the same authority  
That makes the measure; otherwise there is  
No justice in the measurement, since the  
Extension or contraction of supply,  
Or of the thing that's measured, has the same  
Effect a change of measure would produce;  
The things of measure and the measure used  
Must both have permanency; otherwise  
The ends of equity cannot be served.

In truth, it never was designed that men  
Should worship Mammon and accept his rule;  
In Nature can be found no measurement,  
Or unit, for the value, the extent,  
Or quantity, of ought upon the earth  
That has become a thing of selfish trade;  
All these must ever be conventional  
And arbitrary, until men shall learn  
The higher law of love and free exchange  
Of kindnesses and services, as was  
Designed by the Good Parents of us all.

Till then, some rule of equity and right,  
Based on adopted units, must prevail,

For all exchange to be adjusted by;  
An average day of labor, or an hour,  
Would constitute a unit quite as fair  
For measurement of values as would aught  
That well could be selected, since by work  
Alone all wealth is drawn from Nature's stores.

A nation's currency should never be  
Entrusted to the guidance of a few,  
With power to exercise their sovereign will  
And make the volume of it what they please;  
The people, thro' their government, should have  
The sole control of such a vital thing  
As is the medium for exchanging wealth;  
Certificates of value like unto  
The "greenbacks" of America should form  
A nation's currency; or such, erewhile,  
As I will indicate when pointing out  
A system of deposit and exchange  
For all the products of the shop and soil.

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XV.

But, of all curses of these modern times,  
None rivals in iniquity the scheme  
Of taking usury on debts incurred  
By borrowing or by purchase; worst of all  
Is bonded debt, whereby the wealthy thrive,

And all the toiling millions of the day,  
And all their children, living and unborn,  
Are made to march behind the conquering car  
Of Mammon, while the governments are made  
The agents of the holders of the debts,  
To wrest in taxes from the servile mass  
The int'rest which the debts are made to bear,  
And pass it o'er to those who never toil,  
But roll in luxury and idleness,  
The while the people mourn, and sigh, and plod;  
'Tis an offense to make the angels weep—  
A scheme of robbery which was conceived  
And born amid the lowest depths of hell.

The whole of the infernal scheme of debt  
And credit, upon which the business world  
Is based, is villainous in the extreme;  
It stimulates to practices most vile,  
And sears the consciences of men until  
All sense of right and wrong, all sympathy  
For fellow-man, is lost in the desire  
To over-reach and thus involve the wretch  
Within the toils of usury and law,  
And take from him the little that he has,  
Under the name of justice and of right!

The cunning and the strong and conscienceless  
Thus prey upon the innocent and weak,  
And make and keep them poor and helpless slaves;

Innumerable plots and plans are laid  
To pile up debt against the toilers and  
Defraud them of whatever little gains  
'They may have saved thro' hard and pinching toil;  
All the machinery of lawyers, courts,  
And constables, and dreaded sheriffs, is  
Called in, if needed, to enforce the claim  
Held by the creditor, who may have not  
The faintest shadow of a moral right  
To dispossess his neighbor; but the law  
The man-made statute, is upon his side,  
And so the needy debtor is deprived  
Of all he has to help him gain his bread;  
The brother strips his brother-man, when all  
Of duty bids him spare and render aid!

Most damnable is all such selfish work;  
But greater still the condemnation which  
Should fall upon such schemes of robbery;  
If debts there must be, let those debts  
Be debts of honor, with no laws or courts  
To force their payment; nearly all the work  
Of so-called courts of justice is but to  
Enforce the unjust claims of property  
Within a world where man can scarce be said  
To own the body which, vouchsafed to him  
For transitory use, must soon be cast  
Aside and left with all there is of earth.



Abolish all such laws and devil's work,  
And let the law of love and equity  
Come in, the all-devouring wolf of greed  
To drive from every heart and usher in  
The reign of Universal Brotherhood

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## XVI.

The people should at once assume control  
Of railroads, telegraphs, and telephones,  
As also of all other channels of  
Communication and of intercourse,  
And run them for the interest of all.

Most terrible is the injustice wrought  
By corporations and by persons who  
Control the channels that are used by all;  
They fix all fares and rates of freight at will,  
And pile enormous dividends, as show  
The figures they themselves permit the world  
To see; and their officials, waxing fat  
By many devious ways, strut forth and swell  
As millionaires before the gaping throng;  
They tamper with your legislators, and  
They bribe and bully all the servants of  
The people; and with other great and strong  
Monopolies, they thwart or modify  
All legislation, and pervert the ends

Of justice that the people dare demand;  
Usurping and most impudent, they dare  
Defy the public, laughing at its will.

Such is low human nature when it gets  
In place and power; then it always apes  
The airs of the infernals; pompously  
It struts and swells upon this narrow stage  
Of active life, as if to hoard and rule  
A few brief seasons were a conduct fit  
For mortals soon to launch their trembling souls  
Upon the waves of everlasting life,  
Where all the sins of earth must be atoned,  
And each can gain advantage over none.

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XVII.

The present postal service is in part  
A model for all other services  
Of public nature to be run upon;  
But it should not dependent be on those  
Who own and run the corporations for  
Its means of transport for the people's mails;  
'Tis plain the railroads should become a part  
And parcel of the postal system, which  
Should carry passengers and freight the same  
As now, but charging barely rate enough  
To cover cost and make required repairs.

The men who run the railroads now could run  
Them for the people just as well, and get  
A fairer wage for services, and feel  
Securer in position, while a pride  
To serve the public would inspire their minds.

So telegraphs, and telephones, and mines,  
Should all be run and worked for public good;  
The people, through their government, should have  
Control of all these channels, and of all  
The future may develop, or the needs  
Of a progressive people may demand;  
No coal or oil monopolies should be  
A moment longer tolerated by  
The patient and long-suffering masses, who  
Should wield whatever power they possess  
To make their government assume control.

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XVIII.

With government control of every  
Department of the public service, and  
With other changes which have been outlined,  
There would be less of carrying to and fro  
Of bulky freights and speculative wares;  
The transportation under government  
Direction would be only such as is  
Required to place the surplus products where  
Deficiencies should call for more supplies;  
Thus distribution of the fruits of toil

By supervision of the government  
Would simplify the problem of exchange  
Of labor products, while it would reduce  
All transportation to the minimum.

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XIX.

In course of time, all manufacturing,  
All cultivation of the soil, and all  
The educational affairs of life,  
Will naturally come within the sphere  
Of government control and fostering care;  
These then will be conducted with an ease,  
Intelligence, efficiency, and skill,  
That has not yet been thought, or even dreamed;  
Possessing full returns from every branch  
Of industry, and places most remote  
Or near, the government will always have  
Completest knowledge of supplies and needs;  
It therefore can direct with wisdom what  
Shall manufactured be, and also the  
Amount of every article desired.

And in the cultivation of the soil,  
It will be qualified to name the crops  
And acreage of each for every part  
Of all the land; and daily, if not found  
The better way to give it oftener, it can  
Send forth its bulletins from every point,  
To guide the husbandman and tell him what

The weather promises to be within  
The future hours that are approaching near.

Thus order will prevail, and everything  
To system be reduced; the practice of  
A wise economy will then be made  
Not only possible but sure at each  
And every point of manufacture and  
Production, in all sections of the land.

Then will the labor forces be employed  
To best advantage, and no one be left  
To pine and perish in an idleness  
Enforced because there is no work for him;  
The daily hours of labor then can be  
Apportioned so that all shall do their share,  
Each in his place performing well his task,  
While none are left to loll in idleness,  
Or live upon the earnings of the rest;  
Then the rewards of labor can be fixed  
So each shall have his equitable share,  
And none shall garner up a useless store.

Then every one will be an employee  
Of what is called the government, and each  
Will work for all and all for each, and serve  
The public weal instead of selfish ends;  
No wretched competition will deprive  
Even the weakest of a sure reward  
For labor done, nor of the right to work.

None will know want or fear of want, while each  
Will have abundance in the public store,  
With leisure time to serve himself and friends  
In deeds of loving kindness and of use.

His task accomplished for the public good,  
In works of beauty and of art he may  
Employ his leisure hours and make his home  
A place of beauty, where his family  
May dwell in happiness, and where his friends  
May meet in joy and join in intercourse  
Akin to what is realized in Heaven.

In place of competition, which now reigns,  
Co-operation, with its harmony,  
Will drive all discord from the hearts of men,  
And rivalry and hate will be unknown.

The people, through their government, will then,  
Both for convenience and necessity,  
Establish many points of storage and  
Of distribution for all needed things  
Proceeding from the toil of each and all.

As one great family they then will dwell;  
But, for security against the greed  
That for a while may lurk within some hearts,  
Each will be given for his daily toil  
A check, or a certificate, to show  
How much of value he has right to draw  
From out the public store; these checks will be

Issued alone for work performed, or for  
The things of value which the holder may  
Deposit in the common store of wealth.

These checks will be received in fair exchange  
For aught in public store he may desire,  
As coins or bills are now received for goods  
Throughout the marts of commerce and of trade.

The points of store and distribution may  
Be numerous as are the offices  
For postal service now, and will be run  
On simple principles that every one,  
Even a lisping child, can understand.

All prices of commodities will be  
Fixed by the government, and be the same  
In every storage-house within the land;  
To give the check and take the purchased thing  
The price of which is known, completes exchange.

No change of price can then be brought about  
By means of the supply or the demand—  
For government will always keep supplies  
Well-balanced at all points, it doing all  
The transportation, while it will possess  
All information it may need to aid  
In equalizing products everywhere.

And the certificates issued for toil  
And in exchange for articles received,

Will constitute the currency, and do  
All work as medium of just exchange;  
And this will end all speculative trade  
And trafficking in labor or its fruits.

---

## XX.

In plain and simple language, I have shown  
The social and political defects  
And practices that now most curse the world;  
And I have indicated what the change  
That must be made to bring complete reform  
And usher in a more harmonious reign.

Have ye the courage and the will to do  
The needed work outlined to bring on earth  
The reign of justice and of harmony?  
Can ye cast down your worldly gods and bow  
Alone to Brotherly Equality,  
And give to all the equal right to live  
And share alike in all the earthly gifts  
Our Heavenly Father hath in love bestowed?  
Can ye accord to others all the rights  
Ye claim now for yourselves, and freely do  
To others as ye would that they should do  
To you and to each other, sharing each  
With each, and helping all to rise and dwell  
Upon a plane of peace and plenty, and  
Good will toward the least of human kind?



Or, will ye turn, as did your ancestors,  
Perverting all that I have taught to you,  
And substituting evil in the place  
Of good, until the world is bowed and lost  
In darkness and confusion dire, like what  
Prevailed for centuries upon the earth,  
After I left, until, by breaking through  
The clouds, I rent the wicked church in twain,  
And followed up, until at last it now  
In fragments lies, a dead, decaying thing?

But sitll, above each slowly rotting lump,  
Exhale the fumes and poisonous damps of hell;  
And they who breathe these vapors grow insane  
And place their trust in empty nothingness;  
In most delusive words, the wily priests  
Pour forth their blasphemous pretenses of  
Presenting what I taught unto mankind!

'Tis claimed the blood I shed will wash away  
The blackest sins, through magic of belief!  
That I have power to save from punishment  
Of violated laws, that never change!

I plainly taught that all would be adjudged  
By deeds done in the body, and that all  
Would have the fullest measure meted out  
For every lightest thought and least offense—  
That not one jot or tittle of the law  
Would fail or change, but all must be fulfilled.

Mine was no airy teaching, no absurd,  
Impractical philosophy or myth,  
Based on a slavish worship of the things  
Of earth or air, or more ethereal realms.

I taught the Brotherhood of all mankind,  
And sought to show that only that which hath  
A bearing practical on life's affairs  
Has value or is worthy of concern.

But I was misconceived, misunderstood,  
And willfully as well as blindly was  
Misrepresented by the lying priests,  
Who cared but little for the truth or right,  
But aimed to fix themselves in place and power;  
In selfish rivalry and jealousy,  
They wrangled and contended unto blows,  
And murders, and the bloodiest of wars.

When I was slain, the fiercest powers of hell  
Rose up to blot my teachings from the earth;  
They very nearly met success, for none  
But scattered fragments of my teachings were  
Preserved to mock their efforts, and to show  
How far in practice they ignored my words,  
While they perverted all my principles,  
Or turned them into airy nothingness.

There were no printing presses in those days;  
This made it easy to distort the truth  
Consigned to memory and word of mouth;

Besides, a cunning watch was always kept,  
And many foes were lain in wait to catch  
Some word whereby they might accusingly  
Bring me before their arbitrary courts.

But now I speak to you in freedom's voice,  
And in a way that gives my words to you  
As uttered, and henceforth they must remain;  
I speak to you in language plain and clear,  
And not in parables, as was my wont  
When Satan followed on my earthly track;  
He was triumphant on the worldly side,  
But in the spirit realm he felt my power,  
Which was above and far beyond his reach;  
And I have forced him back and back, until  
The hour of conquest draweth nigh, when I  
Shall drive the demons from their filthy dens  
Around the earth, and quickly dissipate  
The darkness that beclouds the minds of men.

Will ye join in emancipation's work,  
And aid the conquering hosts of right and good?  
Or will ye still remain the servants of  
The Evil One, and with his fortunes share?

Remember, I shall rise again; my work  
Bègun on earth when I was here before,  
Will surely be completed, and the Prince  
Who rules this world, and whom the sordid serve,  
Will be o'erthrown; ye have the power to aid

And mitigate the throes of agony  
That must accompany so great a change;  
With a unanimous desire to serve  
The cause of freedom, justice, and the right,  
Ye can so mollify the pangs of birth  
That the new era may be born almost  
Without a painful shock to jar the world.

Should ye remain inert and seek to shun  
Responsibility for what is done,  
The shock will be severe, the rupture great;  
And, worst of all, if ye should choose to fight  
The coming revolution, and resist  
The powers omnipotent who are prepared  
To force the changes to the lower depths,  
Time hath not seen a shock so great as will  
Stir all the elements of earth and hell.

The blinded Samsons, who have lost their eyes  
Through inhumanity for ages borne,  
Will rise and throw the temples of your power  
In scattered fragments o'er the troubled earth,  
And leave you buried beneath their dust;  
Ye have the choice to lead in doing right,  
Or fall despairingly while doing wrong;  
If ye will not engage to free the mass,  
The mass will rise in force and free themselves.

Ye can yourselves foresee the shadows of  
Events most surely coming in the world;

An inner light is streaming through the brains  
Of men and women over all the earth ;  
If those who are the more intelligent,  
And have the power and means of doing good,  
Ignore the warning voice and call to work,  
Then those who feel the evils of the hour,  
On whom the burden presses deep and sore,  
Will take their rights into their hands and rise,  
At Nature's call, to deeds of bravery  
That will unloose the shackles on their limbs  
And set them free, albeit chaos reigns ;  
The edict has gone forth and will not be  
Revoked or modified till all is done ;  
Lo ! I, who said it once, repeat it now :  
The bondman must be freed ; I rise again !

---

XXI.

The world before had never such a wealth  
Of labor forces and material  
Wherewith to feed and clothe the multitude ;  
Invention and the sciences, by aid  
Of higher powers, have enriched the earth  
Beyond all former days, and they have made  
It possible to easily supply  
The needs and wants of human kind without  
The ceaseless drudgery of the darker past.

A few short hours of toil by each would now,  
By aid of steam, machinery, and skill,

Supply all needs and luxuries, and build  
All the conveniencies for public and  
For private use, and give to every one  
The much-desired leisure to improve  
The mind and body, and devote to art,  
And literature, with kindred works of use,  
As each by spirit aid might be impelled;  
And many minds will be inspired to serve  
The public weal and gain renown, when they  
Can be secure of food and raiment by  
A few short hours of daily toil at work  
Appointed by the people, whom they serve.

To reach the end desired, all things must be  
Reversed and placed in orderly array;  
The Prince of Darkness and Contention first  
Must be dethroned, and competition base  
Give place to kind co-operative rule.

The light that has been pouring in the minds  
Of men and waking thoughts that will not down  
At bidding of the powers of earth will spread  
And rapidly prepare the way for change,  
When once the work in earnest is begun.

As government possession takes of each  
Great channel of the public service, there  
Will be a weakening of Satan's hosts,  
And corresponding strengthening of the hosts  
Of Light; the better service which will soon

Be felt by all, and the security  
Enjoyed by those who faithfully do work  
For government, will speedily awake  
A sentiment in favor of the new  
Departure by the people; but at first  
The lovers of monopoly will raise  
A noisy hue and cry against the change,  
As they see power and profit slipping from  
Their greedy, selfish and unholy grasp;  
This need not give alarm, for nought so good  
Could possibly be found that would not rouse  
Their opposition and their croaking moans.

All surplus labor may be used to smooth  
The highways and the byways of the earth,  
And render safe and beautiful each spot  
And nook upon this planet trod by man;  
This needed work for benefit of all  
Should be by all most freely recompensed;  
And while such work remains to be performed,  
None need be idle—all may be employed;  
But more suggestions are not called for now,  
For, as each step is taken in reform,  
New paths will open and the way be clear.

---

XXII.

I've mainly spoken of material things,  
And what to worldly welfare most pertains;

'Tis best to have the body well preserved,  
A healthy habitation for the soul ;  
For 'tis by doing justice here on earth  
And following the laws through Nature given,  
That men preserve the body whole and sound,  
And fit the soul for future life and work.

The body tortured by disease or want  
Is not a pleasant dwelling for the soul,  
Nor likely to prepare it to abide  
Within a higher realm of active life ;  
Nor is the mind with apprehension filled  
Of wants and danger coming to annoy,  
Or burdened with a load of paltry pelf  
Of which it has no need and has no right,  
Preparing to ascend a higher plane,  
Or dwell in peace wherever it may be.

The lesson of the right and wrong must here  
Be learned and practiced by progressive souls ;  
And so obedience to law and love  
Must form a willing task and pleasant one ;  
Unselfishly, within the bounds of just  
And equitable rules, must life be spent  
Within this school of virtues and of ills.

No one should sacrifice himself in vain,  
Nor foolishly submit to selfish wrong,  
But upright be, and just unto himself  
As well as to his fellow-beings here.



No one by parting from the world can gain  
Superior holiness or purity ;  
He would but grow in weakness to resist  
Temptation, should it fall within his way.

Any religion that must set apart  
A man from all his fellows, and unfit  
Him for the duties of this earthly life,  
Is most delusive, as it is most false.

There is no virtue in an empty form  
Of worship, nor within a verbal creed ;  
But he who does the duties of this life  
With most of promptness, willingness of heart,  
Is he who worships best, and most improves  
And pleases those who aid to lift him up.

A cheerful worker in the cause of good,  
With moral courage to denounce the wrong,  
Whoever does it and wherever found,  
Will favor find with the supernal powers.

The weak assenter to a hollow creed,  
The weak believer in a hollow form,  
Neglecting what is practical in work,  
Provokes our pity, if not our contempt.

But over all delinquents in the form  
Called human is the silly hypocrite  
To be despised and shunned by men below,  
Pitied by angels, and by devils jeered.

There is no mystery, of life or death,  
Known to the angels or the priests on earth,  
That should be tortured into formal creed,  
Demanding the belief of mortal man.

The toil and sweat, and human sacrifice,  
That blot the earth with superstitious piles  
Devoted unto priestly guile and craft,  
Are monuments, to Satan's vanity,  
Of conquests over frail and feeble man—  
Satan, the leader of the hosts of night,  
Who are too gross to rise above the earth,  
And hence sink down below, to there exhale  
Their pestilential notions and deceive  
Congenial spirits dwelling in the flesh.

There is no living soul within the church  
Named after me, though individuals [come,  
Catch gleams of light, not knowing whence they  
And live above the stupid creeds and forms  
Blindly observed from habit early taught,  
Which they have not the strength to overcome.

My followers and workers can be found  
All over this broad earth; some in the church  
Called Christian; churches, too, with other names  
Can also claim adherents to my faith;  
They are the sterling men and women who  
Love truth and good wherever they are found,  
And act from righteous principle in all

The duties of this fleeting earthly life ;  
Upon the surface they may not be seen,  
Nor make profession of belief or faith ;  
But every kindly word and loving deed,  
Whatever helps to beautify the earth,  
Or elevate the least of all the small,  
Or free the mind from darkness, or lift up  
A fallen soul, as well as all the great  
And glorious words and deeds that light the world,  
I count as mine ; they help me rise again.

---

## XXIII.

Now briefly let me recapitulate :  
This admonition is to you, ye rich,  
Who wield the power among affairs of men.

It is not well to simply hoard the wealth  
Ye have not drawn by toil from Nature's founts,  
Or for it given equivalent exchange ;  
The empty pomp and pride which for a day  
Ye can indulge, neglecting nobler things,  
Are poorest nourishment on which to thrive  
And fit your souls to dwell in other spheres ;  
Enough is all that's needed for this life ;  
What else ye have but binds you down to earth.

Your surplus wealth and power should all be  
To aid and lift your fellow-beings up ;                    [used  
In this you will a satisfaction find

That never can from vanities be drawn;  
To live for self is but to live alone,  
Unknowing of the joys fraternal love  
And sympathy have power to bring to you.

To but surround yourselves with earthly wealth,  
And cling to this, is but to build on sand;  
The beauties of this life are pleasant sights,  
But nought compared with those of life to come.

'Tis sweet to dwell in earthly mansions rare,  
And taste of the refining influence  
That comes from these to the expanding soul;  
But they who shut themselves within themselves,  
Have narrow dwelling-place and nothing see  
But empty shells of things that have their reals  
On broader, higher planes of love and light.

Surroundings beautiful are nought compared  
With beautiful associates of flesh,  
Who palpitate with sympathy and joy;  
And there can be no real pleasure here  
That is not shared by those we love and bless.

In what state is the soul that can enjoy  
Its bounties while its fellow-beings starve—  
Which can be happy with extensive hoard  
While others mourn and pine in want and pain?

Our Father hath bestowed his gifts on all,  
Without a shade of partiality;

And shall not all, then, share in equity,  
According to capacity and need,  
Without monopolizing useless store,  
Or trenching on the rights of brother man?

Corrupt monopolies must be o'erthrown,  
And special privilege must be withdrawn;  
The public must be served by men employed  
To serve the people, not to serve themselves;  
The railroads, telegraphs, and telephones,  
Must be assumed by government and run  
As postal service is by it performed;  
And ultimately all the industries  
Must come within the people's sole control,  
And be by them directed with a care  
And order now that is impossible.

The distribution of the fruits of toil  
Must be through governmental care performed,  
And places for exchanges must be built,  
And all employees of the govenment  
Receive certificates of value for  
The labor they perform, and for all goods  
That any may deposit in the store;  
And these certificates will constitute  
A medium of exchange for all the land.

The currency, whatever form it takes,  
The government must issue; and all debts,  
And power to contract debts, forever be

Abolished; and all usury be thrust  
Aside, as perishing with servile debt.

The right to work must be secured to each  
By government authority and power,  
And each must be compelled to do his share;  
All surplus labor, if there any be,  
Must be employed on needed public works,  
For beautifying and for making safe  
The habitable parts of all the earth.

Thus all must come within the fostering care  
Of government, as God's vicegerent here;  
While all are left as free to think and speak  
As is the wind to blow, or sun to shine.

Vile competition must be overthrown  
In all the walks and avenues of life,  
And true co-operation everywhere,  
In its beneficence and love, prevail.

All things must be reversed in the affairs  
Of men and women on this darksome earth,  
And in the place of selfishness and lust,  
Fraternal love and helpfulness must reign  
Supreme and undisturbed forevermore.

---

#### XXIV.

If ye who have the wealth and power to mould  
Humanity to shapes of loveliness,

---

And to avert or mitigate the throes  
Of birth-transition, which is near at hand,  
Refuse co-operation with the powers  
Who are prepared to overthrow the reign  
Of Satan and his angels, now too long,  
Or, in the hardness of your hearts, prefer  
To work in concert with the hosts of night,  
Then will the work be done without your aid,  
And you the consequences dire must share  
With the infernals to be overthrown.

Ye see yourselves that ye have nearly reached  
The end of selfish and confusing rule;  
Without or interference, all would come  
To desolation and chaotic night;  
Without your aid, the lower elements  
Will rise, to bitter lessons teach, until  
The eyes of Reason have been touched with light,  
And even devils learn that wrong must end;  
And discord must give place to harmony,  
Or all must perish and be swallowed in  
Annihilation's bottomless abyss.

Build not your hopes on false beliefs and faiths—  
On bubbles bursting into viewless air;  
Ye have been led by ignes fatui  
Until ye now are floundering in the mire.

Think not your earthly sins will be condoned,  
Or that ye can escape the consequence

Of e'en the smallest of your many sins;  
Observances of creeds and forms are but  
As empty shadows, meaningless and void.

Repentance is to cease to do the wrong,  
Regeneration comes by doing right;  
The growth is slow and gradual, until  
Desire for wrong is extirpated by  
The habit slowly formed of doing good  
Because of love of goodness and of truth.

No miracles are wrought, no sudden change  
Is made by magic of affright or wish;  
Ye cannot make obeisance to the right,  
And still continue working in the wrong,  
Without incurring evil just the same  
As if ye took no notice of the right;  
In fact, it makes your action all the worse  
That ye can view the right and do the wrong.

Such as ye are when ceases mortal breath,  
Such will ye wake upon the spirit shore,  
And all delinquencies of earthly life  
Must be worked out upon the spirit side,  
With disadvantages to earth unknown;  
And all offenses here must be atoned  
By slow and painful work to make amends;  
No sin committed here can be condoned,  
But from your soul all trace must be erased



Through purging work and suffering most severe ;  
As sow ye here, so there ye surely reap ;  
Belief or unbelief in creeds and forms  
Hath not a feather's weight, save as ye live  
In daily life the principles involved ;  
And as these are of good or ill import,  
So will they modify the web of life  
As ye, by daily deeds, shall weave them in.

Lean not for help upon your brother's arm,  
But seek to stand alone by higher aid ;  
In direst need, ye may be helped to walk,  
A brother's voice may guide you in the dark ;  
But seek ye independence and the power  
To aid and bless, instead of needing help—  
Ye cannot, like the blind, be always led ;  
Ye must grow strong by work in lifting up  
The weaker souls beneath, and with your light  
Illume the paths of men that thread the dark,  
Till all are strong, and every path is clear.

---

XXV.

A few more days, and earth will be no more,  
Save as it scars or beautifies the soul ;  
The flesh will drop away, and ye will part  
With all your hoarded wealth, and all your gods  
Of clay and dust, as useless baubles that  
Might once have done you good, or done you harm,  
As was the love they woke, or use they filled.

Brief is the time in which ye have to do  
Your work on earth and plume your souls for  
Ye have no time to lose in useless work, [flight;  
Much less to lose in doing deeds of wrong  
Which some day sadly must be all undone.

Read well the signs and wisely choose your [course;  
There is no middle ground on which to stand;  
If ye are with me, ye will do my work;  
Who standeth idle is against my cause.

I come to set the groaning bondman free,  
And warm and light the world with brother-love;  
A friend of all, I'll crush the tyrant's power,  
And make him see the evil of his sway.

In hating none, I pity all, and seek  
To bless all men by lifting up the weak,  
Correcting wrong, and pointing out the road [way.  
Which all should tread—the straight and narrow

I seek not worship, but desire that all  
Should heed my words of warning and advice;  
In doing this, all may salvation find;  
None can escape the consequence of deeds  
Done in the body, be they good or ill.

With these few parting words, I go my way;  
But watch for me—lo! I shall rise again!



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